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BEAUTIES

OF
HERBERT.

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BEAUTIES

OF

REV. GEORGE HERBERT, A. M.

COMPILED AND EDITED

BY

BOSTWICK HAWLEY, D. D.



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To REV. JOSEPH HOLDICH, D. D.,

A Rhetorician of Rare Culture,

THIS VOLUME IS INSCRIBED,

BY HIS FORMER PUPIL,

BOSTWICK HAWLEY.

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INTRODUCTION.

IT is often instructive to look back to the times when the luminaries of thought and letters shone in the Old World. What is called the Elizabethan age was productive of some of the grandest minds and works the world ever saw. Stars of the first magnitude then shone in the literary firmament. Among them few shone more brightly and saintly than did GEORGE HERBERT, a poet and divine. His literary works, both poetic and prose, that have come down to us, evince a rare genius and a high degree of culture. Born of a noble and bold race, April 3, 1593, in the castle of Montgomery, Wales, he was left fatherless and chiefly to the care of his mother, in the fourth year of his age. By her and a private tutor he, with two of his brothers, was carefully instructed in the rudiments of science and in the morals of Christianity, until he was sent to Westminster School. Thence, at the age of fifteen, he was elected to Trinity College, Cambridge. Of him while at that

institution, the good Izaak Walton wrote: "In Cambridge we find one George Herbert's behavior to be such, that we conclude he consecrated the first fruits of his early age to virtue and a serious study of learning."

The progress of young Herbert in his studies was rapid and encouraging. Within two years after graduating he was elected a Fellow of the Society; and in 1619 he was promoted to the position of Public Orator, an office of honor rather than pecuniary profit, the salary being only thirty pounds or about a hundred and fifty dollars a year. But the office was a stepping-stone to Court life, a position which Herbert then hoped to attain. Because of the death of the Duke of Richmond, of the Marquis of Hamilton, and of King James, who were his admirers and friends, his Court hopes vanished, and he left London for private life in the home of a friend in Kent. There he cultivated a love of solitude to such a degree as to greatly impair his health.

Receiving in 1623 from James, the Marquis of Hamilton, a valuable *sinecure*, which had been held by Sir Philip Sidney, he was not without hope of attaining some special eminence. Having become a Christian he entered the sacred ministry. Though the date of his ordination is not known, it is known

that Bishop Williams, of the diocese of Lincoln, gave to him, in 1626, the Prebend of Leighton Church. The village was attractive. The Church edifice was convenient, though in bad condition, and required that much of Herbert's income be expended in repairing and furnishing it.

In 1627 one of the tender ties of life was severed in the decease of his mother, after a lingering and painful sickness. For her his letters show an admirable filial tenderness, as they also reflect the motherly and saintly traits of her character. Very soon after this bereavement his own health became so poor that symptoms of consumption were apparent, and he sought a change of climate and of his manner of life as a means of relief. In the clear air of Dauntsey, in Wiltshire, in the home of Lord Danby, where he was affectionately welcomed and cared for, and by the aid of cheerful exercise and society, his health was completely restored. This sojourn led, in the Providence of God, to an acquaintance with a lady, Miss Jane Danvers, of an excellent family, that soon resulted in a marriage that proved a blessing to both. Of his wedded life Izaak Walton wrote quaintly but well: "The Eternal Love of mankind made them happy in each other's mutual and equal affections and compliance; indeed, so happy that

there never was any opposition betwixt them, unless it were a contest which should most incline to a compliance with the other's desires."

Within a few months after his marriage, Herbert became the recipient of the rectory of Bemerton. Tremblingly, and with a due sense of the responsibility of the position, he entered, April 26, 1630, upon his chosen life-work. Soon thereafter he drew up a set of rules for the government of his private, domestic, and official life, and made a vow, while lying prostrate before the altar of the Church, that he would keep them. But he was permitted to devote to pastoral labors in that place only "two years and a few months." In those relations, however, he was faithful and beloved. Intelligent and scholarly he ranked high among the clergy of his day and country. As long as his strength allowed he was constant in the performance of the duties of his office. He died in the circle of his family, saying, "Lord, forsake me not now that my strength faileth me; but grant me mercy for the merit of my Jesus. And now, Lord, Lord, now receive my soul."

"The setting of the sun was as calm as its shining had been, only of a richer hue." In the register of Bemerton is the following record of this devoted man of God: "Mr. George Herbert, Esq., Parson of

Foughleston and Bemerton, was buried the 3d day of March, 1632."

In person Herbert was tall, spare, and of imposing presence; in looks, cheerful; in social qualities, attractive; in manners, benignant and courteous. He lived amid influences that greatly affected his character and life. Associating with men of high literary attainments he was the more scholarly. Living in the time of Shakspeare, Hooker, and Ben Jonson, he was familiar with their writings and became the more intelligent and accomplished thereby.

As a poet Herbert had a reputation greater and wider than Milton's. The poem entitled the TEMPLE had an extensive circulation. The characteristics and history of his several poems are beautiful and instructive. Seldom have we read anything more touching than those short effusions entitled, THE ALTAR, JESU, CLASPING OF HANDS, DEATH, HEAVEN and LOVE.

In his last sickness he presented a volume of his manuscript poems to a friend, saying: "Sir, I pray deliver this little book to my dear brother Ferrar, and tell him he shall find in it a picture of the many spiritual conflicts that have passed betwixt God and my soul, before I could subject mine to the will of JESUS MY MASTER, in whose service I have now found

perfect freedom ; desire him to read it, and then, if he can think it may turn to the advantage of any poor dejected soul, let it be made public ; if not, let him burn it, for I and it are less than the least of God's mercies."

Having been greatly edified in the perusal of the volume, the writer is encouraged to extend and perpetuate the publicity of such selections as may be deemed its more curious and touching parts. They are alike scriptural and sensible. Though the TEMPLE is constructed with special reference to the ceremonies, prayers, and mysteries of the Church of which Herbert was a minister, it nevertheless abounds with evidences of large catholicity and a ripe Christian experience. The CHURCH PORCH, of which we select some of the richer and more practical sentences, is well worthy of being made a pocket-companion for the young. Abounding with advices and rules for the government of life, it deserves a place on the centre-table of every household.

Judging from his *Country Parson*, we think our favorite was an able minister and a faithful pastor. The several chapters of the treatise cover the whole range of duties and relations that belong to the pastoral office. A burning and shining light in his own

age, he continues to shed a beautiful lustre in the general Church of God.

NOTE.—For the sake of easy reading we have taken the liberty in these pages to conform the spelling as also the forms of letters to the modern styles, have substituted some current words for obsolete ones, and in other cases we have defined the meaning, at the bottom of pages, of the obsolete words used.

THE TEMPLE.

THE DEDICATION.

Lord, my first fruits present themselves to thee ;
Yet not mine neither : for from thee they came,
And must return. Accept them and me,
And make us strive, who shall sing best thy Name.
Turn their eyes hither, who shall make again :
Theirs, who shall hurt themselves or me, refrain.

THE CHURCH PORCH.

THE FONT.*

Thou, whose sweet youth and early hopes enhance
Thy rate and price, and mark thee for a treasure,
Hearken unto a Verser, who may chance
Rhyme thee to good, and make a bait of pleasure :
A verse may find him, who a sermon flies,
And turn delight into a sacrifice.

* The Greek word, Perirrhanterium, used by Herbert, means Font or other sacred vessel.

MOSAICS FROM THE CHURCH PORCH.

Beware of lust ; it doth pollute and foul

Whom God in baptism washed with his own blood ;
It blots the lesson written in thy soul ;

The holy lines cannot be understood.

How dare those eyes upon a Bible look,

Much less towards God, whose lust is all their
book !

Drink not the third glass,* which thou canst not
tame,

When once it is within thee ; but before
Mayst rule it, as thou list, and pour the shame,
Which it would pour on thee, upon the floor.

It is most just to throw that on the ground,
Which would throw me there if I keep the round.

Shall I, to please another's wine-sprung mind,

Lose all mine own ? God hath given me a measure
Short of his can,† and body : must I find

A pain in that, wherein he finds a pleasure ?

Stay at the third glass ; if thou lose thy hold,
Then thou art modest, and the wine grows bold.

* The advanced temperance principles of this age would say, Drink not the *first* glass.

† A cup or vessel for liquors.

Yet, if thou sin in wine or wantonness,
Boast not thereof ; nor make thy shame thy glory.
Frailty gets pardon by submissiveness ;
But he that boasts, shuts that out of his story :
He makes flat war with God, and doth defy
With his poor clod of earth the spacious sky.

Take not his name, who made thy mouth, in vain :
It gets thee nothing, and hath no excuse.
Lust and wine plead a pleasure, avarice gain
But the cheap swearer through his open fluce*
Let's his soul run for nought, as little fearing :
Were I an *Epicure*, I would bate swearing

When thou dost tell another's jest, therein
Omit the oaths, which true wit cannot need
Pick out of tales the mirth, but not the sin.
He pares his apple that will cleanly feed.
Play not away the virtue of that name,†
Which is the stake, when griefs make thee tame.

Lie not ; but let thy heart be true to God,
Thy mouth to it, thy actions to them both ;
Cowards tell lies, and those that fear the rod ;
The stormy working soul spits lies and froth.

* Flue, air-passage, mouth. † The name of a Christian.

Dare to be true. Nothing can need a lie ;
A fault, which needs it most, grows two thereby.

Flee idleness, which yet thou canst not fly
By dressing, mistressing,* and compliment.
If those take up thy day, the sun will cry
Against thee ; for his light was only lent.
God gave thy soul brave wings ; put not those
feathers
Into a bed, to sleep out all ill weathers.

The way to make thy son rich, is to fill.
His mind with rest, before his trunk with riches ;
For wealth without contentment, climbs a hill,
To feel those tempests which fly over ditches.
But if thy son can make ten pound his measure,
Then all thou addest may be call'd his treasure.

When thou dost purpose aught (within thy power)
Be sure to do it, though it be but small :
Constancy knits the bones, and makes us stowre,†
When wanton pleasures beckon us to thrall.
Who breaks his own bond, forfeits himself :
What nature makes a ship, he makes a shelf.

* Courting. † Strong, brave.

Look to thy mouth : diseases enter there.

Thou hast two safeguards, if thy stomach call ;
Carve or discourse ; do not a famine fear.

Who carves, is kind to two ; who talks, to all
Look on meat, think it dirt, then eat a bit,
And say withal, Earth to earth I commit.

By all means use sometimes to be alone.

Salute thyself : see what thy soul doth wear.
Dare to look in thy chest ; for 'tis thine own ;
And tumble up and down what thou find'st there.
Who cannot rest till he good fellows find,
He breaks up house, turns out of doors his mind.

Be thrifty, but not covetous : therefore give

Thy need, thine honor, and thy friend his due.
Never was scraper brave man. Get to live ;
Then live and use it, else it is not true
That thou hast gotten. Surely use alone
Makes money not a contemptible stone.

Never exceed thy income. Youth may make

Ev'n with the year ; but age, if it will hit,
Shoots a bow shot, and lessens still his stake,
As the day lessens, and his life with it.

Thy children, kindred, friends upon thee call ;—
Before thy journey fairly part with all.

What skills it, if a bag of stones or gold
About thy neck do drown thee? raise thy head ;—
Take stars for money ; stars not to be told
By any art, yet to be purchased.

None is so wasteful as the scraping dame ;
She loses three for one : her soul, rest, fame.

By no means run in debt ; take thine own measure.

Who cannot live on twenty pounds a year,
Cannot on forty ; he's a man of pleasure,
A kind of thing that's for itself too dear.

The curious unthrift makes his cloth too wide,
And spares himself, but would his tailor chide.

Spend not on hopes. They that by pleading clothes
Do fortunes seek, when worth and service fail,
Would have their tale believed for their oaths,
And are like empty vessels under sail.

Old courtiers know this ; therefore set out so,
As all the day thou mayst hold out to go.

Play not for gain, but sport. Who plays for more,
Than he can lose with pleasure, stakes his heart :
Perhaps his wife's too, and whom she hath bore :
Servants and churches also play their part.

Only a herald, who that way doth pass,
Finds his crack'd name at length in the church-
glass.

Catch not at quarrels. He that dares not speak
Plainly and home, is coward of the two.

Think not thy fame at ev'ry twitch will break ;
By great deeds show that thou canst little do ;
And do them not : that shall thy wisdom be,
And change thy temperance into bravery.

Laugh not too much : the witty man laughs least ;
For wit is news only to ignorance.

Less at thine own things laugh ; lest in the jest
Thy person shares and the conceit advance.
Make not thy sport, abuses, for the fly,
That feeds on dung, is colored thereby.

Pick out of mirth, like stones out of thy ground,
Profaneness, filthiness, abusiveness,
These are the scum, with which coarse wits abound
The fine may spare these well, yet not go less.
All things are big with jest : nothing that's plain
But may be witty, if thou hast the vein.

Wit's an unruly engine, wildly striking
Sometimes a friend, sometimes the engineer :
Hast thou the knack ? pamper it not with liking ;
But if thou want it, buy it not too dear.
Many affecting wit beyond their power,
Have got to be a dear fool for an hour.

Thy friend put in thy bosom : wear his eyes
Still in thy heart, that he may see what's there.
If cause require, thou art his sacrifice ;
Thy drops of blood must pay down all his fear ;
But love is lost ; the way of friendship's gone ;
Though David had his Jonathan, Christ his
John.

Yet be not surety, if thou be a father.
Love is a personal debt. I cannot give
My children's right, nor ought he take it ; rather
Both friends die, than hinder them to live.
Fathers' first enter bonds to nature's ends ;
And are her sureties, ere they are a friend's.

If thou be single, all thy goods and ground
Submit to love ; but yet not more than all.
Give one estate, as one life. None is bound
To work for two, who brought himself to thrall.
God made me one man ; love makes me no more
Till labor come and make my weakness score.

Be calm in arguing : for fierceness makes
Error a fault, and truth discourtesy.
Why should I feel another man's mistakes
More than his sickness or poverty ?
In love I should ; but anger is not love,
Nor wisdom neither ; therefore gently move.

Calmness is great advantage : he that lets
Another chase, may warm him at his fire :
Mark all his wanderings, and enjoy his frets ;
As cunning fencers suffer heat to tire.
Truth dwells not in the clouds : the bow that's
there
Doth often aim at, never hit the sphere.

Mark what another says : for many are
Full of themselves, and answer their own notion.
Take all into thee ; then with equal care
Balance each drachm of reason like a potion.
If truth be with thy friend, be with them both—
Share in the conquest, and confer a troth.

Be useful where thou livest, that they may
Both want, and wish thy pleasing presence still.
Kindness, good parts, great places are the way
To compass this. Find out men's wants and will,
And meet them there. All worldly joys go less
To the one joy of doing kindnesses.

Let thy mind still be bent, still plotting where,
And when, and how the business may be done.
Slackness breed worms ; but the sure traveler,
Though he alight sometimes, still goeth on.
Active and stirring spirits live alone :
Write on the others, Here lies such a one.

Keep all thy native good, and naturalize

All foreign of that name ; but scorn their ill :

Embrace their activeness, not vanities.

Who follows all things, forfeiteth his will.

If thou observest strangers in each fit,

In time they'll run thee out of all thy wit.

In alms regard thy means, and other's merit.

Think heav'n a better bargain, than to give

Only thy single market-money for it.

Join hands with God to make a man to live.

Give to all something ; to a good poor man,

Till thou change names, and be where he began.

Man is God's image, but a poor man is

Christ's stamp to boot ;* both images regard.

God reckons for him, counts the favor his :

Write, So much giv'n to God ; thou shalt be heard :

Let thy alms go before, and keep heav'n's gate

Open for thee, or both may come too late.

Restore to God his due in tithe and time :

A tithe purloin'd cankers the whole estate.

Sundays observe : think when the bells do chime,

'Tis angels music ; therefore come not late.

God there deals blessings. If a king did so,

Who would not haste, nay give, to see the show ?

*In addition, besides.

Though private prayer be a brave design,
Yet public hath more promises, more love ;
And love's a weight to hearts, to eyes a sign.
We all are but cold suitors ; let us move
Where it is warmest. Leave thy six and seven ;
Pray with the most : for where most pray is
heaven.

When once thy foot enters the Church, be bare.
God is more there than thou ; for thou art there
Only by his permission. Then beware,
And make thyself all reverence and fear.
Kneeling ne'er spoiled silk stocking : quit thy
state.
All equal are within the Church's gate.

Resort to sermons, but to prayers most :
Praying's the end of preaching. O be drest ;
Stay not for th' other pin : why thou hast lost
A joy for it worth worlds. Thus hell doth jest
Away thy blessings, and extremely mock thee,
Thy clothes being fast, but thy soul loose about
thee.

Judge not the preacher, for he is thy judge ;
If thou mislike him, thou conceiv'st him not.

God calleth preaching folly. Do not grudge
To pick out treasure from earthen pot.
To worst speak something good : if all want
sense,
God takes a text and preaches patience.

He that gets patience, and the blessing which
Preachers conclude with, hath not lost his pains,
He that by being at church escapes the ditch,
Which he might fall in by companions, gains.
He that loves God's abode, and to combine
With saints on earth, shall one day with them
shine.

Jest not at preacher's language or expression :
How know'st thou but thy sins made him miscarry ?
Then turn thy faults and his into confession ;
God sent him, whatso'er he be : O tarry
And love him for his Master : his condition,
Though it be ill, makes him no ill physician.

Sum up at night what thou hast done by day ;
And in the morning, what thou hast to do.
Dress and undress thy soul : mark the decay
And growth of it, if with thy watch, that too
Be down, then wind up both, since we shall be
Most surely judg'd, make thy accounts agree.

In brief, acquit thee bravely ; play the man.

Look not on pleasures as they come, but go.

Defer not the least virtue : life's poor span

Make not an ell, by trifling in thy woe.

If thou do ill ; the joy fades, not the pains :

If well ; the pain doth fade, the joy remains.

From the specimens of the Mosaics which we have given, it is evident that Mr. Herbert was a quaint thinker and strong writer. Sympathetic, vigorous, and deeply religious, he wrote for the people. Strongly characterized for common sense, his fancy was fruitful, his language pure and racy, and his style true to nature. As specimens of rare beauty and tender pathos we give the following from the body of THE CHURCH. The word *ecclesia*, commonly rendered *church* in the New Testament and by the Fathers, literally means *called out*, and refers to them who are called of God, to those called out from the impenitent and unbelieving—called out from the world. The Church of Christ is a select body duly organized, of which He is the Head,

The definition given in the Articles of Religion of both the Protestant and Methodist Episcopal

Churches, is therefore better than the commonly accepted one by which a house of worship is called a Church. It is rather only the place in which a Church or Christian assembly meets for worship. The visible Church of Christ is a congregation of faithful men, in which the pure word of God is preached, and the sacraments are duly administered, etc." We nevertheless like the poetic idea of our author, that makes the Church to consist of Christian *principles and spiritual graces* duly adjusted in the character of men. This seems apostolic. These graces and virtues are what make "faithful men," to whom "the pure word of God is preached, and the Sacraments are administered." Of the many and essential characteristics of the Church we select a few of the more prominent that are skilfully wrought into a beautiful whole by Mr. Herbert.

THE CHURCH.

THE THRESHOLD.*

Thou, whom the former precepts have
Sprinkled and taught, how to behave
Thyself in church ; approach, and taste
The Church's mystical repast.

THE ALTAR.†

A broken altar, Lord, thy servant rears,
Made of a heart, and cemented with tears ;
Whose parts are as thy hand did frame ;
No workman's tool hath touched the same.

A heart alone
Is such a stone,
As nothing but
Thy pow'r doth cut.

* Herbert has Superliminare, which means Threshold.

† EDITOR'S NOTE.—Though an altar was a significant and important article of furniture in connection with Jewish worship and sacrifice, and for which there is no use in the Christian Church, the word should not be applied to the communion-table, much less to the chancel or to the communion-rail or balustrade, as it sometimes and unfortunately is in some Protestant Churches, as it also is in the Roman Catholic Church ; yet there can be no objection to the significance and use given in this gem of a poem. A modern poet writes, " the mean altar of my heart."

Wherefore each part
Of my hard heart
Meets in this frame,
To praise thy name :
That, if I chance to hold my peace,
These stones to praise thee may not cease.
O let thy blessed Sacrifice be mine,
And sanctify this Altar to be thine.

THE REPRISAL.

I have considered it, and find
There is no dealing with thy mighty passion ;
For though I die for thee, I am behind ;
My sins deserve the condemnation.

O make me innocent, that I
May give a disentangled state and free ;
And yet thy wounds still my attempts defy,
For by thy death I die for thee.

Ah ! was it not enough that thou
By thy eternal glory did'st outgo me ?
Couldst thou not grief's sad conquests me allow,
But in all vict'ries overthrow me ?

Yet by confession will I come
Into the conquest. Though I do nought
Against thee, in thee I will overcome
The man,* who once against thee fought.

REDEMPTION.

Having been tenant long to a rich lord,
Not thriving, I resolved to be bold,
And make a suit unto him, to afford
A new small-rented lease, and cancel the old.

In heaven at his manor I him sought :
They told me there, that he was lately gone
About some land, which he had dearly bought
Long since on earth, to take possession.

I straight returned, and knowing his great birth,
Sought him accordingly in great resorts ;
In cities, theatres, gardens, parks, and courts :
At length I heard a ragged noise and mirth

Of thieves and murderers : there I him espied,
Who straight, Your suit is granted, said, and died.

* The old man of the heart subdued by grace.

SEPULCHRE.

O blessed body ! Whither art thou thrown ?
No lodging for thee, but a cold hard stone ?
So many hearts on earth, and yet not one
Receive thee ?

Sure there is room within our hearts' good store ;
For they can lodge transgressions by the score :
Thousands of toys dwell there, yet out of door
They leave thee.

But that which shows them large, shows them unfit,
Whatever sin did this pure rock commit,
Which holds thee now ? Who hath indited it
Of murder ?

Where our hard hearts have took up stones to brain*
thee,
And missing this, most falsely did arraign thee ;
Only these stones in quiet entertain thee,
And order.

And as of old, the law by heav'nly art,
Was writ in stone ; so thou, which also art
The letter of the word, find'st no fit heart
To hold thee.

* To beat out the brains, to bruise the head.

Yet do we still persist as we began,
And so should perish, but that nothing can,
Though it be cold, hard, foul, from loving man
Withhold thee.

EASTER.

Rise, heart ; thy Lord is risen. Sing his praise
Without delays,
Who takes thee by the hand, that thou likewise
With him mayst rise
That, as his death calcined thee to dust,
His life may make thee gold, and much more just.
Awake, my lute, and struggle for thy part
With all thy art.
The cross taught all wood to resound his name
Who bore the same.
His stretched sinews taught all strings, what key
Is best to celebrate this most high day
Consort both heart and lute, and twist a song
Pleasant and long :
Or since all music is but three parts vied*
And multiplied ;
O let thy blessed Spirit bear a part,
And make up our defects with his sweet art.

* The variations in music, which seem to contend with others, were said to vie.

I got me flowers to strew the way ;
I got me boughs off many a tree ;
But thou wast up by break of day,
And brought'st thy sweets along with thee.

The Sun arising in the East,
Though he give light, and th' East perfume ;
If they should offer to contest
With thy arising, they presume.

Can there be any day but this,
Though many suns to shine endeavor ?
We count three hundred, but we miss
There is but one, and that one ever.

EASTERWINGS.

Lord, who createdst man in wealth and store,
Though foolishly he lost the same,
Decaying more and more,
Till he became
Most poor :
With thee
O let me rise
As larks, harmoniously,
And sing this day thy victories :
Then shall the fall further the flight in me.

My tender age in sorrow did begin,
And still with sicknesses and shame
Thou didst so punish sin,
That I became
Most thine.
With thee
Let me combine,
And feel this day thy victory,
For, if I imp my wing on thine,
Affliction shall advance the flight in me.

REPENTANCE.

Lord, I confess my sin is great ;
Great is my sin. Oh ! gently treat
With thy quick flow'r, thy momentary bloom
Whose life still pressing
Is one undressing,
A steady aiming at a tomb.

Man's age is two hour's work, or three ;
Each day doth round about us see.
Thus are we to delights : but we are all
To sorrows old,
If life be told
From what life feeleth, Adam's fall.

O let thy height of mercy then
Compassionate short-breathed men,
Cut me not off for most foul transgression :
I do confess
My foolishness ;
My God, accept my confession.

Sweeten at length this bitter bowl,
Which thou hast pour'd into my soul ;
Thy wormwood turn to health, winds to fair weather ;
For if thou stay,
I and this day,
As we did rise we die together.

When thou for sin rebukest man,
Forthwith he waxeth wo and wan ;
Bitterness fills our bowels ; all our hearts
Pine and decay,
And drop away,
And carry with them th' other parts.

But thou wilt sin and grief destroy ;
That so the broken bones may joy,
And tune together in a well-set song,
Full of his praises
Who dead men raises.
Fractures well cur'd make us more strong.

RESPONSIVE CHANT.*

Chorus.—Let all the world in ev'ry corner sing,
My God and King.

Response.—The heav'ns are not too high,
His praise may thither fly;
The earth is not too low,
His praises there may grow.

Cho.—Let all the world in ev'ry corner sing.
My God and King.

Res.—The Church with psalms must shout,
No door can keep them out;
But above all, the heart
Must bear the longest part.

Cho.—Let all the world in ev'ry corner sing,
My God and King.

 GRACE.

My stock lies dead, and no increase
Doth my dull husbandry improve;
O let thy graces without cease
Drop from above!

* Herbert's "ANTIPHON."

If still the sun should hide his face,
Thy house would but a dungeon prove,
Thy works night's captives : O let grace
Drop from above !

The dew doth ev'ry morning fall ;
And shall the dew outstrip thy dove ?
The dew, for which grass cannot call,
Drop from above.

Death is still working like a mole,
And digs my grave at each remove .
Let grace work too, and on my spul
Drop from above.

Sin is still hammering my heart
Unto a hardness, void of love :
Let suppling grace, to cross his art,
Drop from above.

O come ! for thou dost know the way.
Or if to me thou wilt not move,
Remove me, where I need not say—
Drop from above.

THE CHURCH-FLOOR.

Mark you the floor? that square and speckled stone,
Which looks so firm and strong,
Is Patience :

And th' other black and grave, where with each one
Is checker'd all along,
Humility :

The gentle rising, which on either hand
Leads to the Choir above,
Is Confidence :

But the sweet cement, which in one sure band,
Lies the whole frame, is Love
And Charity.

Hither sometimes sin steals, and stains
The marble's neat and curious veins :
But all is cleansed when the marble weeps.
Sometimes Death, puffing at the door,
Blows all the dust about the floor ;
But while he thinks to spoil the room, he sweeps.
Blest be the Architect, whose art
Could build so strong in a weak heart.

SIGHS AND GROANS.

Do not use me

After my sins ! look not on my desert,

But on thy glory ! then thou wilt reform,

And not refuse me : for thou only art

The mighty God, but I a silly worm :

O do not bruise me ;

O do not urge me !

For what account can thy ill steward make ?

I have abus'd thy stock, destroy'd thy woods,

Suck'd all magazines : my head did ache,

Till it found out how to consume thy goods :

O do not scourge me !

O do not blind me !

I have deserv'd that an Egyptian night

Should thicken all my powers ; because my last

Hath still sow'd fig-leaves to exclude thy light :

But I am frailty, and already dust ;

O do not grind me !

O do not fill me

With the turn'd vial of thy bitter wrath (!)

For thou hast other vessels full of blood,

A part whereof my Savior empti'd hath,
Ev'n unto death : since he died for my good,
O do not kill me !

But O reprieve me !
For thou hast life and death at thy command ;
Thou art both Judge and Savior, feast and rod,
Cordial and Corrosive . put not thy hand
Into the bitter box ; but O my God—
My God, relieve me !

VIRTUE.

Sweet day, so cool, so calm, so bright,
The bridal of the earth and sky .
The dew shall weep thy fall to-night ;
For thou must die.

Sweet rose, whose hue, angry and brave,
Bids the rash gazer wipe his eye,
Thy root is ever in its grave,
And thou must die.

Sweet spring, full of sweet days and roses,
A box where sweets compacted lie,
My music shows ye have your closes,
And all must die.

Only a sweet and virtuous soul,
Like seasoned timber, never gives ;
But though the whole world turn to coal,
Then chiefly lives,

ANTIPHON.

Chorus.—Praised be the God of lo

Men.—Here below

Angels.—And here above :

Chorus.—Who hath dealt his mercies so,

Angels.—To his friend,

Men.—And to his foe ;

Chorus.—That both grace and glory tend

Angels.—Us of old,

Men.—And us in th' end.

Chorus.—The great Shepherd of the fold

Angels.—Us did make,

Men.—For us a fold.

Chorus.—He our foes in piece

Angels.—Him we touch ;

Men.—And him we take.

Chorus.—Wherefore since that he is such,

Angels.—We adore,

Men.—And we do crouch.

Chorus.—Lord, thy praises should be more.

Men.—We have none,

Angels.—And we no store.

Chorus.—Praised be the God alone

Who hath made of two folds one.



CHARMS AND KNOTS.

Who read a chapter when they rise,
Shall ne'er be troubled with ill eyes.

A poor man's rod, when thou dost ride,
Is both a weapon and a guide.

Who shuts his hand, hath lost his gold
Who opens it, hath it twice told.

Who goes to bed and doth not pray,
Maketh two nights to ev'ry day.

Who by aspersions throw a stone
At th' head of others, hit their own.

Who looks on ground with humble eyes,
Finds himself there, and seeks to rise.

When th' hair is sweet through pride or lust,
The powder doth forget the dust.

In shallow waters heav'n doth show :
But who drinks on, to hell may go.

H O M E.

Come, Lord, my head doth burn, my heart is sick,
While thou dost ever, ever stay :
Thy long deferrings wound me to the quick,
My spirit gaspeth night and day.
O show thyself to me,
O take me up to thee !

When man was lost, thy pity look'd about,*
To see what help in th' earth or sky :
But there was none ; at least no help without :
The help did in thy bosom lie.
O show thyself to me,
Or take me up to thee !

* See Isaiah lxiii. 5.

There lay thy Son : and must he leave that nest,
That hive of sweetness, to remove
Thralldom from those, who would not at a feast
Leave one poor apple of thy love?

O show thyself to me,
Or take me up to thee.

He did, he came : O my Redeemer, dear,
After all this canst thou be strange?
So many years baptized, and not appear;
As if thy love could fail or change?

O show thyself to me,
Or take me up to thee.

Yet if thou stayest still, why must I stay?
My God, what is this world to me?
This world of woe? hence, all ye clouds, away,
Away; I must get up and see.

O show thyself to me,
Or take me up to thee.

O loose this frame, this knot of man untie!
That my free soul may use her wing,
Which now is pinion'd with mortality
As an intangled, hamper'd thing.

O show thyself to me,
Or take me up to thee.

What have I left, that I should stay and groan?
The most of me to heav'n is fled :
My thoughts and joys are all pack'd up and gone,
And for their old acquaintance plead.
O show thyself to me,
Or take me up to thee.

Come, dearest Lord, pass not this holy season,
My flesh and bones and joints do pray :
And ev'n my verse, when by the rhyme and reason
The word is, Stay, says ever, Come.
O show thyself to me,
Or take me Home to thee !

J E S U .

Jesu is in my heart ; his sacred name
Is deeply carved there : but the other week
A great affliction broke the little frame,
Ev'n all to pieces ; which I went to seek
And first I found the corner where was J,
After, where E S, and next where U was graved.
When I had got these parcels, instantly
I sat down to spell them, and perceived
That to my broken heart he was *I ease you*,
And to my whole is JESU,

BUSINESS.

Canst be idle ? canst thou play,
Foolish soul who sinned to-day ?

Rivers run, and springs each one
Know their home and get them gone :
Hast thou tears, or hast thou none ?

If, poor soul, thou hast no tears ;
Would thou hadst no faults or fears !
Who hath these, those ill forbears.

Winds still work : it is their plot,
Be the season cold or hot :
Hast thou sighs, or hast thou not ?

If thou hast no sighs or groans,
Would thou hadst no flesh and bones .
The less pains 'scape greater ones.

But if thou idle be,
Foolish soul, Who died for thee ?

Who did leave his Father's throne,
To assume thy flesh and bone ?
Had he life, or had he none ?

If he had not liv'd for thee,
Thou hadst died most wretchedly ;
And two deaths had been thy fee.

He so far thy good did plot,
That his own self he forgot.
Did he die, or did he not ?

If he had not died for thee,
Thou hadst lived in mis'ry.
Two lives worse than ten deaths be.

And hath any space
'Twixt his sins and Savior's death ?

He that loseth gold, though dross,
Tells to all he meets, his cross :
He that sins, hath he no loss ?

He that finds a silver vein,
Thinks on it, and thinks again :
Brings thy Savior's death no gain ?

Who in heart not ever kneels,
Neither sin nor Savior feels.

DIALOGUE.

Sweetest Savior, if my soul
Were but worth the having,
Quickly should I then control
Any thought of wav'ring.
But when all my care and pains
Cannot give the name of gains
To thy wretch so full of stains ;
What delight or hope remains ?

What (child), is the balance thine,
Thine the poise and measure ?
If I say, Thou shalt be mine,
Finger not my treasure.
What the gains in having thee
Do amount to, only He,
Who for man was sold, can see,
That transferred th' accounts to me.

But as I can see no merit,
Leading to this favor :
So the way to fit me for it,
Is beyond my favor.
As the reason then is thine ;
So the way is none of mine—
I disclaim the whole design—
Sin disclaims and I resign.

That is all, if that I could
Get without repining ;
And my clay, my creature, would
Follow my resigning :
That as I did freely part
With my glory and desert,
Left all joys to feel all smart—
Ah ! no more : thou break'st my heart.

LOVE- JOY.

As on a window late I cast mine eye,
I saw a vine drop grapes with J and C
Anneal'd on every branch. One standing by
Ask'd what it meant. I (who am never loth
To spend my judgment) said, It seem'd to me
To be the body and the letters both
Of Joy and Charity : Sir, you have not miss'd,
The man replied : it figures JESUS CHRIST.

HOPE.

I gave to Hope a watch of mine ; but he
An anchor gave to me.

Then an old Prayer-book I did present :
And he an optic* sent.
With that I gave a vial full of tears :
But he a few green ears.
Ah, Loiterer ! I'll no more, no more I'll bring,
I did expect a ring.

T I M E.

Meeting with Time, Slack thing, said I,
Thy scythe is dull ; whet it for shame.
No marvel, Sir, he did reply,
If it at length deserve some blame :
But where one man would have me grind it,
Twenty for one too sharp do find it.

Perhaps some such of old did pass,
Who above all things lov'd this life
To whom thy scythe a hatchet was,
Which now is but a pruning-knife.
Christ's coming hath made man thy debtor,
Since by thy cutting he grows better.

* An instrument of sight.

Aud in his blessing thou art blest :

For where thou only wert before

An executioner at best,

Thou art a gardn'r now, and more.

An usher to convey our souls

Beyond the utmost stars and poles.

And this is what makes life so long,

While it detains us from our God.

Ev'n pleasures here increase the wrong :

And length of days lengthens the rod.

Who wants the place where God doth dwell,

Partakes already half of hell.

Of what strange length must that needs be,

Which ev'n eternity excludes !

Thus far Time heard me patiently :

Then chafing said, This man deludes—

What do I here before his door ?

He doth not crave less time, but more.

GRATEFULNESS.

O Thou that hast giv'n so much to me,

Give one thing more, a grateful heart.

See how thy beggar works on thee

By art.

He makes thy gifts occasion more,
And says, If he in this be cross'd,
All thou hast giv'n him heretofore
Is lost.

But thou didst reckon, when at first
Thy word our hearts and hands did crave,
What it would come to at the worst
To save.

Perpetual knockings at thy door,
Tears sullyng thy transparent rooms.
Gift upon gift ; much would have more,
And comes.

Wherefore I cry, and cry again ;
And in no quiet canst thou be,
Till I a thankful heart obtain
Of thee.

Not thankful, when it pleaseth me ;
As if thy blessings had spare days :
But such a heart, whose pulse may be
Thy praise.

P E A C E .

Sweet Peace, where dost thou dwell? I humbly crave,
Let me once know.

I sought thee in a secret cave,
And ask'd, if Peace were there.
A hollow wind did seem to answer, No ;
Go seek elsewhere.

I did ; and going did a rainbow note :
Surely, thought I,
This is the lace of Peace's coat :
I will search out the matter.
But while I looked, the clouds immediately
Did break and scatter.

Then went I to a garden, and did spy
A gallant flower,
The crown Imperial :* Sure, said I,
Peace at the root must dwell.
But when I dug, I saw a worm devour
What show'd so well.

At length I met a rev'rend good old man :
Whom when for Peace
I did demand, he thus began :
There was a Prince of old
At Salem dwelt, who liv'd with good increase
Of flock and fold.

* The flower of that name.

He sweetly liv'd; yet sweetness did not save
His life from foes.

But after death out of his grave
There sprang twelve stalks of wheat:
Which many wond'ring at, got some of those
To plant and set.

It prosper'd strangely, and did soon disperse
Through all the earth:
For they that taste it do rehearse,
That virtue lies therein;
A secret virtue, bringing peace and mirth
By flight of sin.

Take of this grain, which in my garden grows,
And grows for you;
Make bread of it: and that repose,
And peace which ev'ry where
With so much earnestness you do pursue,
Is only there.

GIDDINESS.

Oh, what a thing is man! how far from power
From settled peace and rest!
He is some twenty sev'ral men at least
Each sev'ral hour.

One while he counts of heav'n, as of his treasure :
But then a thought creeps in,
And calls him coward, who for fear of sin
Will lose a pleasure.

Now he will fight it out, and to the wars ;
Now eat his bread in peace,
Lie snug in quiet : now he scorns increase ;
Now all day spares.

He builds a house, which quickly down must go,
As if a whirlwind blew
And crush'd the building ; and it's partly true,
His mind is so.

O what a sight were Man, if his attires
Did alter with his mind ;
And, like a Dolphin's skin, his clothes combined
With his desires !*

Surely if each one saw another's heart,
There would be no commerce,
No sale or bargain pass : all would disperse,
And live apart.

* If his outward appearance changed like and as often as his mind.

Lord, mend or rather make us : one creation
Will not suffice one term :
Except thou make us daily, we shall spurn
Our own salvation.

PARADISE.†

I bless thee, Lord, because I GROW
Among thy trees, which in a ROW
To thee both fruit and order OW.

What open force, or hidden CHARM
Can blast my fruit, or bring me HARM,
While the inclosure is thine ARM?

Inclose me still for fear I START.
Be to me rather sharp and TART,
Than let me want thy hand and ART.

When thou dost greater judgment SPARE,
And with thy knife but prune and PARE,
Ev'n fruitful trees more fruitful ARE.

† From this beautiful poem it is evident that by Paradise Mr. Herbert did not understand simply and only Heaven or the place of departed spirits from death to the resurrection, but also the Church of Christ in which are the good, as trees of righteousness, the planting of the Lord.

Such sharpness shows the sweetest FRIEND,
Such cuttings rather heal than REND,
And such beginnings touch their END.

THE METHOD.

Poor heart, lament.
For since thy God refuseth still,
There is some rub, some discontent,
Which cools his will.

Thy Father could
Quickly effect, what thou dost move,
For he is Power : and sure he would ;
For he is Love.

What do I see
Written above there ? Yesterday
I did behave me carelessly,
When I did pray.

And should God's ear
To such indifferents* chained be,
Who do not their own motions hear ?
Is God less free ?

* Indifferent persons.

But stay ! what's there ?
Late when I would have something done,
I had a notion to forbear,
Yet I went on.

And should God's care,
Which needs not man, be tied to those
Who hear not him, but quickly hear
His utter foes ?

Then once more pray :
Down with thy knees, up with thy voice :
Seek pardon first, and God will say,
Glad heart rejoice.

THE PILGRIMAGE.

I travell'd on, seeing the hill, where lay
My expectation.
A long it was and weary way,
The gloomy cave of Desperation
I left on th' one, and on the other side
The rock of Pride.

And so I came to fancy's meadow strew'd
 With many a flower :
Fain would I here have made abode,
But I was quicken'd by my hour.
So to care's copse* I came, and there got through
 With much ado.

That led me to the wild of passion ; which
 Some call the wold ; †
A wasted place, but sometimes rich.
Here I was robb'd of all my gold,
Save one good Angel, ‡ which a friend had ti'd
 Close to my side,

At length I got unto the gladsome hill,
 Where lay my hope,
Where lay my heart ; and climbing still,
When I had gain'd the brow and top,
A lake of brakish waters on the ground
 Was all I found.

With that abash'd and struck with many a sting
 Of swarming fears,
I fell, and cri'd, Alas my King ;
Can both the way and end be tears ?

* A wood of small growth, or brushwood.

† A wood or forest.

‡ An ancient coin bearing the figure of an angel.

Yet taking heart I rose, and then perceiv'd
I was deceived :

My hill was further ; so I flung away,
Yet heard a cry
Just as I went, None goes that way
And lives : If that be all, said I,
After so foul a journey death is fair,
And but a chair.

COMPLAINING.

Do not beguile my heart,
Because thou art
My power and wisdom. Put me not to shame,
Because I am
Thy clay that weeps, thy dust that calls.

Thou art the Lord of glory ;
The deed and story
Are both thy due : but I a silly flie,
That live or die,
According as the weather falls.

Art thou all justice, Lord :
Shows not thy word
More attributes ? Am I all throat or eye,
To weep or cry ?
Have I no parts but those of grief ?

Let not thy wrathful power
Afflict my hour,
My inch of life : or let thy gracious power
Contract my hour,
That I may climb and find relief.

P R A I S E.

King of glory, King of peace,
I will love thee :
And that love may never cease,
I will move thee.

Thou hast granted my request,
Thou hast heard me :
Thou didst note my working breast,
Thou hast spar'd me.

Wherefore with my utmost art
I will sing thee,
And the cream of all my heart
I will bring thee.

Though my sins against me cried,
Thou didst clear me ;
And alone, when they replied,
Thou didst hear me.

Sev'n whole days, not one in seven,
I will praise thee.
In my heart, though not in heaven
I can raise thee.

Small it is, in this poor sort
To enroll thee :
Ev'n eternity is too short
To extol thee.

THE CALL.

Come, my Way, my Truth, my Life :
Such a Way, as gives us breath :
Such a Truth, as ends all strife :
Such a Life, as killeth death.

Come, my Light, my Feast, my Strength :

Such a Light, as shows a feast :

Such a feast, as mends in length :

Such a Strength, as makes his guest.

Come, my Joy, my Love, my Heart :

Such a Joy, as None can move :

Such a Love, as none can part :

Such a Heart, as joys in love.

CLASPING OF HANDS.

Lord, thou art mine, and I am thine,

If mine I am : and thine much more,

Than I or ought, or can be mine.

Yet to be thine, doth me restore ;

So that again I now am mine,

And with advantage mine the more.

Since this being mine, brings with it thine,

And thou with me dost thee restore.

If I without thee would be mine,

I neither should be mine nor thine.

Lord, I am thine, and thou art mine :

So mine thou art, that something more

I may presume thee mine, then thine ;

For thou didst suffer to restore

Not thee, but me, and to be mine :
And with advantage mine the more,
Since thou in death wast none of thine,
Yet then as mine didst me restore.
O be mine still ! still make me thine ;
Or rather make me Thine and Mine.

THE PRIMITIVE MAN.*

When God at first made man,
Having a glass of blessings standing by ;
Let us (said he) pour on him all we can :
Let the world's riches, which dispersed lie,
Contract into a span.
So strength first made a way ;
Then beauty flow'd, then wisdom, honor, pleasure
When almost all was out, God made a stay,
Perceiving that alone, of all his treasure,
Rest in the bottom lay.

For if I should (said he)
Bestow this jewel also on my creature,
He would adore my gifts instead of me,
And rest in Nature, not the God of Nature :
So both should losers be.

* We prefer this title to that given by Mr. Herbert to this beautiful poem, viz. *THE PULLY*.

Yet let him keep the rest,
But keep them with repining restlessness :
Let him be rich and weary, that at least,
If goodness lead him not, yet weariness
May lift him to my breast.

THE SEARCH.

Whither, O whither art thou fled,
My Lord, my Love ?
My searches are my daily bread ;
Yet never prove.

My knees pierce th' earth, mine eyes the sky :
And yet the sphere
And centre both to me deny
That thou art there.

Yet can I mark how herbs below
Grow green and gay,
As if to meet thee they did know,
While I decay.

Yet can I mark how stars above
Simper* and shine,
And having keys unto thy love,
While poor I pine.

* Glimmer, twinkle.

I sent a sigh to seek thee out,
Deep drawn in pain,
Wing'd like an arrow : but in my scout
Returns in vain.

Where is my God ? what hidden place
Conceals thee still ?
What covert dare eclipse thy face ?
Is it thy will ?

Thy will such an intrenching is,
As passeth thought :
To it all strength, all subtilties
Are things of nought.

Thy will such a strange distance is,
As that to it
East and West touch, the poles do kiss,
And parallels meet.

Since then my grief must be as large
As is thy space,
Thy distance from me ; see my charge,
Lord, see my case.

O take these bars, these lengths away ;
Turn, and restore me :
Be not Almighty, let me say,
Against, but for me.

When thou dost turn, and wilt be near ;
What edge so keen,
What point so piercing can appear
To come between ?

For as thy absence doth excel
All distance known :
So doth thy nearness bear the bell,
Making two one.

THE FLOWER.*

How fresh, O Lord, how sweet and clean
Are thy returns ! ev'n as the flowers in spring ;
To which, besides their own demean,
The late-past frosts tributes of pleasure bring.
Grief melts away
Like snow in May,
As if there were no such cold thing.

* To this exquisite poem Coleridge pays this just tribute : "The *Flower* is especially affecting, and to me such a phrase as 'relish versing' expresses a sincerity, a reality which I would not willingly exchange for the more dignified, 'and once more love the muse.'"
It is a delicious poem.

Who would have thought my shrivel'd heart
Could have recover'd greenness? It was gone
Quite underground; as flowers depart
To see their mother-root, when they have blown;
Where they together
All the hard weather,
Dead to the world, keep house unknown.

These are thy wonders, Lord of power,
Killing and quick'ning, bringing down to hell
And up to heaven in an hour;
Making a chiming of a passing-bell.
We say amiss,
This or that is:
Thy word is all, if we could spell.

O that I once past changing were,
Fast in thy Paradise, where no flower can wither!
Many a spring I shoot up fair,
Off'ring at heav'n, growing and groaning thither:
Nor doth my flower
Want a spring-shower,
My sins and I joining together.

But while I grow in a straight line,
Still upwards bent, as if heav'n were mine own,

Thy anger comes, and I decline :
What frost to that ? what pole is not the zone
Where all things burn,
When thou dost turn,
And the least frown of thine is shown ?

And now in age I bud again,
After so many deaths I live and write ;
I once more smell the dew and rain,
And relish versing : O my only light,
It cannot be
That I am he,
On whom thy tempests fell all night.

These are thy wonders, Lord of love,
To make us see we are but flowers that glide,
Which when we once can find and prove,
Thou hast a garden for us where to bide,
Who would be more,
Swelling through store,
Forfeit their Paradise by their pride.

A TRUE HYMN.

My joy, my life, my crown !
My heart was meaning all the day,
Somewhat it fain would say,

And still it runneth mutt'ring up and down,
With only this, My joy, my life, my crown.

Yet slight not these few words ;
If truly said, they may take part
Among the best in art.
The fineness which a hymn or psalm affords,
Is, when the soul unto the lines accords.

He who craves all the mind,
And all the soul, and strength, and time,
If the words only rhyme,
Justly complains, that some what is behind
To make his verse, or write a hymn in kind.

Whereas if th' heart be moved,
Although the verse be somewhat scant,
God doth supply the want.
As when th' heart says (sighing to be approved)
O, could I love ! and stops ; God writeth, LOVED.

A DIALOGUE—ANTHEM.

CHRISTIAN, DEATH.

Chr.—Alas, poor death ! Where is thy glory ?

Where is thy famous force, thy ancient sting ?

Dea.—Alas, poor mortal, void of story,

Go spell and read how I have kill'd thy King.

Chr.—Poor death ! and who was hurt thereby ?
Thy curse being laid on him makes thee accursed.

Dea.—Let losers talk, yet thou shalt die ;
These arms shall crush thee.

Chr.—Spare not, do thy worst.
I shall be one day better than before :
Thou so much worse, that thou shalt be no more.

BITTER - SWEET.

Ah, my dear angry Lord,
Since thou dost love, yet strike ;
Cast down, yet help afford ;
Sure I will do the like.

I will complain, yet praise ;
I will bewail, approve :
And all my sour-sweet days
I will lament, and love.

THE GLANCE.

When first thy sweet and gracious eye,
Vouchsaf'd ev'n in the midst of youth and night
To look upon me, who before did lie

Weltering in sin ;

I felt a sugar'd,* strange delight,
Passing all cordials made by any art,
Bedew, embalm, and overrun my heart,
And take it in.

Since that time many a bitter storm
My soul hath felt, ev'n able to destroy,
Had the malicious and ill-meaning harm

His swing and sway :

But still thy sweet original joy,
Sprung from thine eye, did work within my soul,
And surging griefs, when they grew bold, control,
And got the day.

If thy first glance so powerful be,
A mirth but open'd, and seal'd up again ;
What wonders shall we feel, when we shall see
Thy full-ey'd love !

When thou shalt look us out of pain,
And one aspect of thine spend in delight
More than a thousand suns disburse in light,
In heav'n above.

* Sweetened, pleasant, agreeable.

THE TWENTY-THIRD PSALM.

The God of love my shepherd is,
And he that doth me feed :
While he is mine, and I am his,
What can I want or need ?

He leads me to the tender grass,
Where I both feed and rest ;
Then to the streams that gently pass :
In both I have the best.

Or if I stray, he doth convert,
And bring my mind in frame
And all this not for my desert,
But for his holy name.

Yea, in death's shady black abode
Well may I walk, not fear :
For thou art with me, and thy rod
To guide, thy staff to bear.

Nay, thou dost make me sit and dine,
Ev'n in my enemies' sight :
My head with oil, my cup with wine
Runs over day and night.

Surely thy sweet and wondrous love
Shall measure all my days ;
And as it never shall remove,
So neither shall my praise.

A A R O N .

Holiness on the head,
Light and perfections on the breast,
Harmonious bells below raising the dead
To lead them unto life and rest.
Thus are true Aarons drest.

Profaneness in my head,
Defects and darkness in my breast,
A noise of passions ringing me for dead
Unto a place where is no rest :
Poor priest* thus am I drest.

Only another head
I have, another heart and breast,
Another music, making live, not dead ;
Without whom I could have no rest :
In him I am well drest.

* In the Church of England presbyters are wrongly called priests

Christ is my only head,
My alone only heart and breast,
My only music, striking me ev'n dead ;
That to the old man I may rest,
And be in him new drest.

THE FOIL.

If we could see below
The sphere of virtue, and each shining grace,
As plainly as that above doth show ;
This were the better sky, the brighter place.

God hath made stars the foil
To set off virtues ; griefs to set off sinning :
Yet in this wretched world we toil,
As if grief were not foul, nor virtue winning.

DISCIPLINE.

Throw away thy rod,
Throw away thy wrath :
O my God,
Take the gentle path.

Who can 'scape his bow ?
That which wrought on thee,
Brought thee low,
Needs must work on me.

Throw away thy rod ;
Though man frailties hath,
Thou art God :
Throw away thy wrath.

THE INVITATION.

Come ye hither all, whose taste
Is your waste
Save your cost, and mend your fare.
God is here prepar'd and drest,
And the feast,
God, in whom all dainties are.

Come ye hither all, whom wine
Doth define,*
Naming you not to your good :
Weep what ye have drunk amiss,
And drink this,
Which before ye drink is† blood.

* Tell its qualities. † Represents blood.

Come ye hither all, whom pain
Doth arraign,
Bringing all your sins to sight :
Taste and fear not : God is here
In this cheer,
And on sin doth cast the fright.

Come ye hither all, whom joy
Doth destroy,
While ye graze without your bounds :
Here is joy that drowneth quite
Your delight,
As a flood the lower grounds.

Come ye hither all, whose love
Is your dove,
And exalts you to the sky :
Here is love, which having breath
Ev'n in death,
After death can never die.

Lord I have invited all,
And I shall
Still invite, still call to thee :
For it seems but just and right
In my sight,
Where is all, there all should be.

THE MOTTO.*

Let wits contest,
And with their words and mottoes windows fill ;
Less than the least
Of all thy mercies, is my motto still.

This on my ring,
This by my picture in my book I write :
Whether I sing,
Or say, or dictate, this is my delight.

Invention rest ;
Comparisons go play ; wit use thy will :
Less than the least
Of all God's mercies, is my motto still.

A PARODY.

Soul's joy, when thou art gone
And I alone,
Which cannot be,
Because thou dost abide with me,
And I depend on thee ;

* In Herbert's Works this poem is called "THE POSIE," which then meant *motto*.

Yet when thou doth suppress
The cheerfulness
Of thy abode,
And in my powers not stir abroad,
But leave me to my load :

O what a damp and shade
Doth me invade !
No stormy night
Can so afflict, or so affright,
As thy eclipsed light.

Ah Lord ! do not withdraw,
Lest want of awe
Make sin appear,
And when thou dost but shine less clear,
Say, that thou art not here.

And then what life I have,
While sin doth rave,
And falsely boast,
That I may seek, but thou art lost ;
Thou, and alone thou know'st.

O what a deadly cold
Doth me infold !
I half believe,
That sin says true : but while I grieve,
Thou com'st and dost relieve.

THE ELIXIR.

Teach me, my God and King,
In all things thee to see,
And what I do in anything,
To do it as for thee :

Not rudely, as a beast,
To run into an action ;
But still to make thee prepossess'd,
And give it his perfection.

A man that looks on glass,
On it may stay his eye ;
Or if he pleaseth, through it pass,
And then the heav'n espy.

All may of thee partake :
Nothing can be so mean,
Which with his tincture (for thy sake)
Will not grow bright and clean.

A servant with this clause
Makes drudgery divine :
Who sweeps a room, as for thy laws,
Makes that and th' action fine.

This is the famous stone
That turneth all to gold,
For that which God doth touch and own,
Cannot for less be told.

DEATH.

Death, thou wast once an uncouth hideous thing,
Nothing but bones,
The sad effect of sadder groans :
Thy mouth was open, but thou couldst not sing.

For we consider'd thee as at some six
Or ten years hence,
After the loss of life and sense,
Flesh being turn'd to dust, and bones to sticks.

We look'd on this side of thee, shooting short ;
Where we did find
The shells of fledgèd souls left behind,
Dry dust, which sheds no tears, but may extort.

But since our Saviour's death did put some blood
Into thy face ;
Thou art grown fair and full of grace,
Much in request, much sought for, as a good.

For we do now behold thee gay and glad,
As at dooms-day ;
When souls shall wear their new array :
And all thy bones with beauty shall be clad.

Therefore we can go die as sleep, and trust
Half that we have
Unto an honest, faithful grave ;
Making our pillows either down or dust.

DOOMS-DAY.*

Come away,
Make no delay.
Summon all the dust to rise,
Till it stir, and rub the eyes ;
While this member joys the other,
Each one whispering, Live you, brother ?

Come away,
Make this the day.
Dust, alas, no music feels,
But thy trumpet : then it kneels,

* Though the teachings of this poem are in accord with the prevalent sentiment of the Church as to the literal resurrection of the entire body, in the times when Herbert lived, they are now considered too gross and material.

As peculiar notes and strains
Cure Tarantula's* raging pains,

Come away,
O make no stay !
Let the graves make their confession,
Lest at length they plead possession :
Flesh's stubbornness may have
Read that lesson to the grave.

Come away,
Thy flock doth stray.
Some to the winds their body lend,
And in them may drown a friend :
Some in noisome vapors grow
To a plague and public wo.

Come away,
Help our decay,
Man is out of order hurl'd,
Parcel'd out to all the world.
Lord, thy broken consort raise,
And the music shall be praise.

* A species of spider, whose bite is poisonous and extremely painful.

JUDGMENT.

Almighty Judge, how shall poor wretches brook
Thy dreadful look,
Able a heart of iron to appall,
When thou shalt call
For ev'ry man's peculiar book ?

What others mean to do, I know not well ;
Yet I hear tell,
That some will turn thee to some leaves therein
So void of sin,
That they in merit shall excel.

But I resolve, when thou shalt call for mine,
That to decline,
And thrust a Testament into thy hand :
Let that be scann'd.
There thou shalt find my faults are thine.*

HEAVEN.

O who will show me those delights on high ?
Echo— I.
Thou Echo, thou art mortal, all men know.
Echo— No.

* Atoned for and cancelled by the Savior and Judge.

Wert thou not born among the trees and leaves ?

Echo— Leaves.

And are there any leaves, that still abide ?

Echo— Bide.

What leaves are they ? impart the matter wholly.

Echo— Holy.

Are holy leaves the Echo then of bliss ?

Echo— Yes.

Then tell me, what is that supreme delight ?

Echo— Light.

Light to the mind : what shall the will enjoy ?

Echo— Joy.

But are there cares and business with the pleasure ?

Echo— Leisure.

Light, joy, and leisure : but shall they persevere ?*

Echo— Ever.

LOVE.

Love bade me welcome : yet my soul drew back,
Guilty of dust and sin.

But quick-ey'd love, observing me grow slack
From my first entrance in,

Drew nearer to me, sweetly questioning,
If I lack'd anything.

* Obsolete for persevere, continue.

A guest, I answer'd, worthy* to be here :

Love said, you shall be he.

I the unkind, ungrateful? Ah my dear,

I cannot look on thee.

Love took my hand, and smiling did reply

Who made the eyes but I?

Truth, Lord, but I have marr'd them : let my shame

Go where it doth deserve.

And know you not, says Love, who bore the blame?

My dear, then I will serve.

You must sit down, says Love, and taste my meat :

So I did sit and eat.

GLORY BE TO GOD ON HIGH, AND ON EARTH PEACE,
GOOD WILL TOWARDS MEN.

* Not of nature, but of grace : accounted worthy or suitable.

PROVERBS.

Being old and common sayings that briefly and forcibly express truths, as results of experience and observation, proverbs are often expressive of the thoughts of a people or a nation. The editor of HERBERT'S works says that proverbs formed a favorite study of that age, and were a means of knowing the mind of the several nations to which their authors belonged. The proverbs of Mr. Herbert were first published in a small volume in 1640, under the quaint but expressive name *Jacula Prudentum*, or *Darts of the Wise*. So popular were they that a second and enlarged edition was issued in 1651. The entire collection is curious and interesting; but we have selected only those which seem to us the most popular and instructive. Many of them being condensed rules of life, are worthy of being often read and long remembered.

Some of the better and more practical sayings of SHAKESPERE have become proverbial, and are quoted not only as indexes of the character of their author and his age, but of human nature, as they are often suited to all ages.

The proverbs of SOLOMON constitute some of the wisest and truest maxims, as they are eminently suited to practical life in all time. Being short allegorical sayings that contain more meaning than meets the eye or than lies on the surface, they are designed, as the original Hebrew word means, *to govern* the whole conduct of a person.

Our LORD often spake in parables and taught by allegories. Indeed a profound scholar and critical writer* says, "That true Light, which lightens every man that cometh into the world, first taught men to acknowledge Himself as the Fountain and Giver of all good; and then by *short maxims*, conveyed in terse, energetic words, taught them to regulate their conduct in life, in respect to the dispensations of His providence, and in reference to each other in domestic, social, and civil life. The different changes which take place in society; the new relations which in process of time men would bear to each other; the invention in arts and sciences, and the

* Dr. Adam Clarke.

experience of those who had particularly considered the ways of the Lord, and marked the operations of his hands, would give rise to many maxims, differing from the original stock only in their application to those *new relations* and *varying circumstances*."

On this subject a modern writer* says : " Proverbs are not peculiar to the Bible or the Hebrews, but these crystals of wisdom have been found among and are prized by nearly all people. Bacon said, The genius, wit, and spirit of a nation are discovered in its proverbs.. We cite some of these national characteristics, these

"Jewels five words long,
That on the stretched forefinger of all time
Sparkle forever."

There are many English proverbs, but the best have generally come to them from the East.† The Scotch have some trite sayings, as, There's but ae gude wife in the country, and ilka man thinks he's got her. Kindness will creep where it canna gang.

Great barkers are nae biters.

Here is one from the Welsh : Have a horse of thine own, and thou mayst borrow another's.

From the Portuguese we have this : All bite the bitten dog.

* Rev. J. Alabaster. † Herbert is original.

The French have given to literature some excellent specimens of proverbs: Drive away nature, and back it comes at a gallop.

The absent are always in the wrong.

Great thieves hang petty thieves.

The Dutch tell us: He that lives with cripples, learns to limp.

Creaking carts last longest.

The Germans are great proverb makers, and produce some exceedingly wise ones:

Office without pay makes thieves.

Talking comes by nature, silence by understanding.

Late fruit keeps well.

Where the will is ready the feet are light.

Set a frog on a golden stool, and off again he hops to the pool.

From the Italians we have such as these:

Marry in haste, repent at leisure.

Little children and headaches, great children and heartaches.

The hardest step is over the threshold.

A lean agreement is better than a fat lawsuit.

But the richest of all the European nations in proverbs is Spain:

A woman's counsel is no great thing, but he who does not take it is a fool.

If you want a wife, choose her on Saturday, not on Sunday.

In the rich woman's house she commands always, and he never.

What three know, every creature knows.

Marry your son when you will, your daughter when you can.

Broken friendships may be soldered, but never made sound.

The Arabs tell us that Three, if they unite against a town will ruin it. The Turks say : That every fish that escapes appears greater than it is. The Russians say : Make thyself a sheep, and the wolf is ready. The Persians, with true poetic sentiment, declare : It is at the narrowest part of the defile that the valley begins to open. The old Romans used to assert that, Eagles catch no flies. He gives twice who gives quickly.

Here are a few from the Servians :

The figs on the far side of the hedge are sweeter. Every woman blows under her own kettle. One does not feel three hundred blows on another's back.

Such are some of the proverbs of the world. Each nation has its own style. There is most of poetic beauty and choice sentiment in the Oriental, most of practical wisdom in the Occidental. These sayings

of men are largely founded on the weakness, selfishness, and deception of human nature, and are intended to warn us against these things in others.

Giving our approval to this quotation, we yet think that no person, other than Solomon, has written as many proverbs that represent the English mind, and are as practical for all time and conditions, as has Mr. Herbert. We have selected the following with special reference to their adaptation to these times. Designed both to regulate life in its several conditions and to prevent the more common evils to which the young are exposed, they will bear frequent reading and great familiarity.

The volume, of which they are here a part, may be a *Vade Mecum* to travellers, and to the thoughtful in lonely hours they may prove profitable seed-thoughts.

PROVERBS.

Old men go to Death ; Death comes to young men.

Man proposeth ; God disposeth.

He begins to die, that quits his desires.

A handful of good life is better than a bushel of learning.

Every day brings its bread with it.
Humble hearts have humble desires.
The house shows the owner.
He that gets out of debt grows rich.
All is well with him who is beloved of his neighbors.
Pleasing ware is half sold.
Light burdens, long borne, grow heavy.
When all sins grow old, covetousness is young.
A cool mouth, and warm feet, live long.
Not a long day, but a good heart, rids work.
He pulls with a long rope, that waits for another's
death.
A cask and an ill custom must be broken.
The devil is not always at one door.
He loseth nothing, that loseth not God.
Who gives to all, denies all.
Quick believers need broad shoulders.
Benefits please like flowers while they are fresh.
He that will take the bird, must not scare it.
He lives unsafely that looks too near to things.
A crooked log makes a straight fire.
He hath great need of a fool that plays the fool him-
self.
A merchant that gains not, loseth.
Love and a cough cannot be hid.
He that sends a fool, means to follow him.

Better the feet slip than the tongue.
 For washing his hands, none sells his lands.
 Nothing is to be presumed on, or despaired of.
 In a good house all is quickly ready.
 God oft hath a great share in a little house.
 Ill ware is never cheap.
 A cheerful look makes a dish a feast.
 Virtue never grows old.
 He stands not surely that never slips.
 Were there no hearers, there would be no back-
 biters.
 Cities seldom change religion only.
 Harken to reason, or she will be heard.
 The bird loves her nest.
 Everything new is fine.
 Better a bare-foot than none.
 Who is so deaf as he that will not hear?
 He that is warm thinks all so.
 All truths are not to be told.
 Every ill man hath his ill day.
 Sleep without supping, and wake without owing.
 I gave the mouse a hole, and she has become my
 heir.
 Assail who will, the valiant attends.
 Praise day at night, and life at the end.
 Mend your clothes, and you may hold out this year.

The tongue walks where the teeth speed not.
Leave jesting while it pleaseth, lest it turn to earnest.

Virtue and a trade are the best portions for children,

He that lives ill, fear follows him.

Give a clown your finger, and he will take your hand.
Good is to be sought out, and evil attended.

Who would do ill ne'er wants occasion.

Keep good men company, and you shall be of the number.

The mill gets by going.

A snow year, a rich year.

Better to be blind than to see ill.

Who hath no more bread than need, must not keep a dog.

A garden must be looked to and dressed as the body.
Though old and wise, yet still advise.

Three helping one another, bear the burthen of six.

Happy is he that chastens himself.

Love your neighbor, yet pull not down your hedge.

A drunkard's purse is a bottle.

She spins well that breeds her children.

Marry your son when you will ; your daughter when you can.

Dally not with money or women.

The best remedy against an ill man, is much ground
between both.

Good words are worth much, and cost little.

Jest not with the eye, or with Religion,

The eye and Religion can bear no jesting.

None is a fool always, every one sometimes.

Debtors are liars.

Of all smells, bread ; of all tastes, salt.

God heals, and the Physician hath the thanks.

Hell is full of good meanings and wishings.

Think of ease, but work on.

He that lies long a-bed, his estate feels it.

One stroke fells not an oak.

God complains not, but doth what is fitting.

A diligent scholar, and the master's paid.

They that know one another, salute afar off.

Where the drink goes in, there the wit goes out.

Where there is no honor, there is no grief.

He that stays does the business.

Alms never make poor. Or thus

Great alms-giving lessens no man's living.

Giving much to the poor doth enrich a man's store.

Ill comes in by ells, and goes out by inches.

Whose house is of glass, must not throw stones at
another.

He that looks not before, finds himself behind,

He that riseth first, is first drest.
The river past, and God forgotten.
Every path hath a puddle.
The ill that comes out of our mouth falls into our
bosom.
Sometimes the best gain is to lose.
One grain fills not a Jack, but helps his fellows.
It is a great victory that comes without blood.
Honor without profit is a ring on the finger ;
Honor and profit lie not in one sack.
Truth and oil are ever above.
He that riseth betimes, hath something in his head.
One hand washeth another, and both the face.
An ill wound is cured, not an ill name.
Knowledge is folly except grace guide it.
The more women look in their glass, the less they
look to their house.
A long tongue is a sign of a short hand.
The worst of law is, that one suit breeds twenty.
What your glass tells you, will not be told by coun-
sel.
I had rather ride on an ass that carries me, than a
horse that throws me.
It costs more to do ill than to do well.
Good words quench more than a bucket of water.
There is more talk than trouble.

Better spare to have of thine own, than ask of other men.

Better good afar off, than evil at hand.

Prayers and provender hinder no journey.

Many friends in general, one in special.

Neither bribe, nor lose thy right.

Go not for every grief to the Physician, nor for every quarrel to the Lawyer, nor for every thirst to the pot.

There would be no great ones, if there were no little ones.

A man's discontent is his worst evil.

Fear nothing but sin.

The child says nothing, but what it heard by the fire.

All is not gold that glisters.

A blustering night, a fair day.

Be not idle, and you shall not be longing.

He is not poor that hath little, but he that desireth much.

The tongue talks at the head's cost.

Keep not ill men company, lest you increase the number.

The absent party is still faulty.

If you lose your time, you cannot get money nor gain.

Little sticks kindle the fire ; great ones put it out.

A little with quiet, is the only diet.

Stay a little, and news will find you.

Stay till the lame messenger come, if you will know
the truth of the thing.

Poor and liberal, rich and covetous.

He that labors and thrives, spins gold.

He that sows, trusts in God.

He that repairs not a part, builds all.

A discontented man knows not where to sit easy.

Who spits against heaven, it falls in his face.

He that doth what he will, doth not what he ought.

He that will be served, must be patient.

He that hath lost his credit, is dead to the world.

He that hath no ill-fortune is troubled with good.

Sit in your place, and none can make you rise.

Would you know what money is, go borrow some.

The morning sun never lasts a day.

All things require skill, but an appetite.

All things have their place, knew we how to place
them.

This world is nothing except it tend to another.

Life without a friend, is death without a witness.

Step after step the ladder is ascended.

Love is not found in the market.

Dry feet, warm head, bring safe to bed.

He is rich enough that wants nothing.

A hundred loads of thought will not pay one of debt.

He that seeks trouble never misses.

He that once deceives, is ever suspected.

Being on the sea, sail; on the land, settle.

Who doth his own business, fouls not his hands.

He that hath love in his breast, hath spurs in his sides.

He that respects not, is not respected.

He that measures not himself is measured.

He that speaks sows, and he that holds his peace gathers.

He that makes a thing too fine, breaks it.

Fly the pleasure that bites to-morrow.

He that knows what may be gained in a day, never steals.

Health and money go far.

Where your will is ready, your feet are light.

Woe to the house where there is no chiding.

Good is good, but better carries it.

Good finds good.

The first degree of folly is to hold one's self wise;
the second to profess it; the third to despise
counsel.

The greatest step is that out of doors.

A little kitchen makes a large house.

Poverty is the mother of health.

The back door robs the house.

The gown is his that wears it, and the world his that enjoys it.

Hope is the poor man's bread.

Fine words dress ill deeds.

A poor beauty finds more lovers than husbands.

Things well fitted abide.

Prettiiness dies first.

Talking pays no toll.

The wearer knows where the shoe wrings.

There is no jollity but hath a smack of folly.

He that's long a giving knows not how to give.

Patience, time, and money accommodate all things.

Little wealth, little care.

Gluttony kills more than the sword.

A penny spared is twice got.

Bear with evil, and expect good.

He that tells a secret is another's servant.

Under water, famine ; under snow, bread.

All things in their being are good for something.

A fair death honors the whole life.

One enemy is too much.

Living well is the best revenge.

One pair of ears draws dry a hundred tongues.

A fool may throw a stone into a well, which a hundred wise men cannot pull out.

On a good bargain think twice.

Music helps not the tooth-ache.
Help thyself, and God will help thee.
There are many ways to fame.
Love is the true price of love.
Love rules his kingdom without a sword.
Love makes all hearts gentle.
Love asks faith, and faith firmness.
He plays well that wins.
The shortest answer is doing.
He that would have what he hath not, should do
what he doth not.
He that hath no good trade it is to his loss.
The offender never pardons.
He that hopes not for good, fears not evil.
He that trusts in a lie, shall perish in truth.
He that blows in the dust, fills his eyes with it.
Two ill meals make the third a glutton.
'Tis hard to be wretched, but worse to be known so.
A feather in hand is better than a bird in the air.
Folly grows without watering.
If the staff be crooked, the shadow cannot be
straight.
There is great force hidden in a sweet command.
The command of custom is great.
He that goeth far hath many encounters.
Wisdom hath one foot on land and another on sea.

A wise man needs not blush for changing his purpose.
Time is the Rider that breaks youth.
Speak fitly, or be silent wisely.
A disarmed peace is weak.
To be beloved is above all bargains.
To deceive oneself is very easy.
The table robs more than the thief.
The soul needs few things, the body many.
Tie it well, and let it go.
Empty vessels sound most.
Love makes one fit for any work.
Show me a liar, and I will show thee a thief.
None is born Master.
Show a good man his error, and he turns it to a virtue ; but an ill, it doubles his fault.
In the husband wisdom, in the wife gentleness.
A wise man cares not for what he cannot have.
He cannot be virtuous that is not rigorous.
There is no great banquet, but some fares ill.
A holy habit cleanseth not a foul soul.
A hat is not made for one shower.
No sooner is a temple built to God, but the Devil builds near by.
Every one puts his fault on the Times.
Pardon all but thyself.
Every one is weary : the poor in seeking, the rich in keeping, the good in learning.

Dry bread at home is better than roast meat abroad.

More have repented speech than silence.

Beauty draws more than oxen.

One father is more than a hundred school-masters.

A little labor, much health.

Knowledge is no burthen.

Long jesting was never good.

If a good man thrive, all thrive with him.

Suffer and expect.

Love and business teach eloquence.

That which two will, takes effect.

He is only bright that shines by himself.

The effect speaks, the tongue need not.

Divine grace was never slow.

Three can hold their peace if two be away.

It is an ill counsel that hath no escape.

Comparisons are odious.

Be what thou wouldst seem to be.

Let all live as they would die.

A gentle heart is tied with an easy thread.

Sweet discourse makes short days and nights.

God provides for him that trusteth.

Where there is peace, God is.

That is the best gown that goes up and down the
house.

God's mill grinds slow, but sure.

All complain.

It is a poor sport that is not worth the candle.
He that is fallen cannot help him that is down.
By doing nothing we learn to do ill.
You cannot hide an eel in a sack.
Give not Saint Peter so much to leave Saint Paul
nothing.
The chief disease that reigns this year is folly.
Better speak truth rudely, than lie covertly.
One foot is better than two crutches.
Better suffer ill than do ill.
Lawsuits consume time, and money, and rest, and
friends.
He that hath a wife and children, wants not business.
He that fears death, lives not.
He that pities another, remembers himself.
He that marries for wealth, sells his liberty.
He that serves, must serve.
He that lends, gives.
He that preacheth, giveth alms.
Fair language grates not the tongue.
A good heart cannot lie.
In doing we learn.
An ill deed cannot bring honor.
All are not merry that dance lightly.
Courtesy on one side only does not last long.
The best of the sport is to do the deed, and say
nothing.

God keep me from four houses : a Usurer's, a Tavern,
a Spital, and a Prison.

In a hundred ells of contention there is not an inch
of love.

Set good against evil.

Haste comes not alone,

A little given seasonably, excuses a great gift.

The tongue is not steel, yet it cuts.

That is gold which is worth gold.

Poverty is no sin.

Goods are theirs that enjoy them.

He that gains well and spends well, needs no ac-
count-book.

He that knows nothing, doubts nothing.

He that marries late, marries ill.

He hath not lived, that lives not after death.

None knows the weight of another's burthen.

One hour's sleep before midnight is worth three after.

Too much taking heed is loss.

It is easier to build two chimnies, than to maintain
one.

He that will enter into Paradise, must have a good
key.

He hath no leisure who useth it not.

Half the world knows not how the other half lives.

Death keeps no calendar.

Life is half spent, before we know what it is.
The body is more dressed than the soul,
The body is sooner dressed than the soul.
Sins are not known till they be acted.
All are presumed good till they are found in a fault.
The best bred have the best portion.
The house is a fine house when good folks are within.
Better be a fool than a knave.
To live peaceably with all, breeds good blood.
We leave more to do when we die, than we have
done.
Pains to get, care to keep. fear to lose.
He that is at ease, seeks dainties.
He that praiseth himself, spattereth himself.
He that goes to bed thirsty, riseth healthy.
A trade is better than service.
Without business, debauchery.
Little losses amaze, great tame.
Ready money is a ready medicine.
An idle youth, a needy age.
He that thinks amiss, concludes worse.
Heresy is the school of pride.
Heresy may be easier kept out than shook off.
All covet, all lose.
He that is once born, once must die.
He that steals an egg, will steal an ox.

He that will be surety, shall pay.

What one day gives us, another day takes away from us.

God strikes with His finger, and not with all His arm.

God gives His wrath by weight, and without weight

His mercy.

No day so clear, but hath dark clouds.

No hair so small, but hath his shadow.

The itch of disputing is the scab of the Church.

Say to pleasure, Gentle Eve, I will none of your apple.

There is a remedy for everything, could men find it,

There is an hour wherein a man might be happy all his life, could he find it.

Woe be to him that reads but one book.

Tithe, and be rich.

Some men plant an opinion they seem to eradicate.

The love of money and the love of learning rarely meet.

A man's destiny is always dark.

Money wants no followers.

Your thoughts close, your countenance loose.

Whatever is made by the hand of man, by the hand of man may be overturned.

TEMPERANCE AND SOBRIETY.

So intimate are the relations of intelligence and morals to general health, and, again, those of health to temperance and sobriety, that it is well to give heed to the experiences and advices of those who, by a careful attention to these principles, have attained good health, and have thereby promoted a greater degree of intelligence and morality. So deeply interested was Mr. Herbert in the teachings of a tract written by Lud. Cornarus, an aged Italian, on *Temperance and Sobriety*, that he translated it for his own advantage as also for the general good. The tract is published at length with his own writings, and is well worthy a careful perusal. But that we may bring the substance of it into small compass, we copy its more apposite and practical parts. For the sake of keeping the connections of thought we slightly modify the wording of a few clauses. In this age and

country the temptations to excess and insobriety, as also the incentives thereto, are far more numerous than in our early history. We are a fast people. Our manner of living, as of doing business, is suited to a licentious age. Frivolity and fun are in the ascendant. Gluttony and idleness are prolific of disease and poverty. Needed admonitions are here given.

TEMPERANCE AND SOBRIETY.

Having observed in my time many of my friends, of excellent wit and noble disposition, overthrown and undone by Intemperance; who, if they had lived, would have been an ornament to the world, and a comfort to their friends; I thought fit to discover in a short treatise, that intemperance is not such an evil but it may easily be remedied; which I undertake the more willingly, because divers young men have obliged me unto it. Wherefore, that I may satisfy their honest desire, and withal help many others, who will take this into consideration, I will declare the causes which moved me to forsake intemperance and to live a sober life.

When I was greatly afflicted from the thirty-fifth year of my age to the fortieth, having tried all

remedies fruitlessly, the physicians told me that yet there was one help for me, if I could constantly pursue it, namely, A sober and orderly life : for this has every way great force for the recovering and preserving of health, as a disorderly life has to the overthrowing of it ; as I too well by experience found. For temperance preserves even old men and sickly men sound ; but intemperance destroys most healthy and flourishing constitutions.

Being thus directed in the way I ought to hold, I understand that the food I was to use was such as belonged to sickly constitutions, and that in small quantity. After I had resolved to follow temperance and reason, and saw that it was no hard thing to do so, but the proper duty of man, I so addicted myself to this course of life, that I never went a foot out of the way. Upon this, I found within a few days, that I was exceedingly helpèd, and by continuance thereof, within less than one year, I was perfectly cured of all my infirmities.

Being now well, I began to consider the force of temperance, and to think thus with myself :—If temperance had so much power as to bring me health, how much more to preserve it ! Wherefore, I began to search out most diligently what meats were agreeable to me, and what disagreeable ; and I purposed

to try whether those that pleased my taste brought me advantage or disadvantage ; and whether that proverb, wherewith gluttons defend themselves, to wit, That which savors is good and nourishing, be consonant to truth. This upon trial I found most false. From the time that I was made whole, I have never departed from my settled course of sobriety, whose admirable power causeth that the meat and drink that are taken in fit measure, give true strength to the body.

With this diet I avoided other hurtful things also, as too much heat and cold, weariness, watching, and ill air. I preserved me also, as much as I could, from hatred and melancholy, and other perturbations of the mind, which have power over our constitutions.

This the great Galen confirms, when he says, that immoderate heats and colds, and winds and labors, did little hurt him, because in his meats and drinks he kept a true moderation. And my own experience confirmeth this the more. For in the end I got the victory, to my great honor and no less profit ; whereupon, also, I joyed exceedingly, which excess of joy could not do me any hurt : by which it is manifest, that neither melancholy nor any other passion can hurt a temperate life.

My experience taught me another thing also, to wit, that an orderly and regular life can hardly be altered without exceeding great danger. To these general principles agree two Italian proverbs, the one whereof is, He that will eat much, let him eat little; because by eating little he prolongs his life. The other proverb is, The meat which remaineth profits more than that which is eaten.

If the world consists of order, if our corporal life depends on the harmony of humors and elements, it is no wonder that order should preserve, and disorder destroy. Order makes arts easy, and armies victorious, and retains and confirms kingdoms, cities, and families in peace. Whence I conclude that an orderly life is the most sure way and ground of health and long days, and is the true and only medicine of many diseases. Neither can any man deny this who will narrowly consider it.

Every one by long experience may know the qualities of his own nature, and what hidden properties it hath, what meat and drink agree best with it; which things in others cannot be known without such observation as is not easily to be made upon others, especially since there is a greater diversity of tempers than of faces. Whereupon I conclude, since none can have a better physician than himself, nor

better physic than a temperate life, that temperance by all means is to be embraced.

But that a man may preserve himself in health, I advise that, instead of a physician, a regular life is to be embraced, which, as is manifest by experience, is a natural physic most agreeable to us, and also doth preserve even ill tempers in good health. But sensual men, desiring to satisfy their appetite and pamper their body, although they see themselves ill handled by their intemperance, yet shun a sober life; because, say they, It is better to please the appetite (though they live ten years less than otherwise they should do) than always to be under bit and bridle. But they consider not of how great moment ten years are in mature age, wherein wisdom and all kinds of virtues are most vigorous; which, but in that age, can hardly be perfected.

Wherefore, since many have observed a regular life, both of old times and later years, it is no such thing but that it may be performed; especially since in observing it there needs not many and curious things, but only that a man should begin, and by little and little accustom himself unto it. But some may say, He who lives a regular life, eating always light meats and in little quantity, what diet shall he use in diseases, which being in health he hath antici-

pated? I answer first, Nature, which endeavors to preserve a man as much as she can, teaches us how to govern ourselves in sickness: for suddenly it takes away our appetite, so that we can eat but very little, wherewith she is very well contented; so that a sick man, whether he hath heretofore lived orderly or disorderly, when he is sick, ought not to eat but such meats as are agreeable to his disease, and that in much smaller quantity than when he was well. Secondly, I answer better, that he who lives a temperate life, cannot fall into diseases, and but seldom into indispositions, because temperance takes away the causes of diseases; and the cause being taken away, there is no place for the effect. Wherefore, since an orderly life is so profitable, so virtuous, so decent, and so holy, it is worthy by all means to be embraced; especially since it is easy and most agreeable to the nature of man.

Let no man here object, That there are many who, though they live disorderly, yet continue in health to their life's end: because since this is at the best but uncertain, dangerous, and very rare, the presuming upon it ought not to lead us to a disorderly life. It is not the part of a wise man to expose himself to so many dangers of disease and death, only upon a hope of a happy issue, which befalls very few. An

old man of a poor constitution, but living orderly, is more sure of his life than the most strong young man who lives disorderly. But some, too much given to appetite, object, That a long life is not desirable, because that after one is sixty-five years old, all the time he lives thereafter is rather death than life. But these err greatly ; for at eighty-three years of age, I am continually in health. I am even cheerful, merry, and well contented, free from all troubles and troublesome thoughts ; in the place of which joy and peace have taken up their standing in my heart. I am not weary of life, but pass it with great delight. I often confer with worthy men, excelling in wit, learning, behavior, and other virtues. When I cannot have their company, I give myself to the reading of some learned book, and afterwards to writing ; making it my aim in all things, how I may help others to the extent of my power. All these things I do at my ease, at fit seasons, and in my own house. I enjoy also my garden and the water-streams. When abroad I enjoy the sight and communication of my friends, as also of excellent artificers in architecture, paintings, music, statuary, and husbandry, of which there is in this age great plenty. I am much pleased in my travels with the beauty of nature and art. Neither is this pleasure the less be-

cause of the decaying and dullness of my senses, which are all in their perfect vigor, but especially my taste ; so that any simple fare is more savory to me now than heretofore, when I was given to disorder and its few delights.

These are also the delights and solaces of my old age, which are to be greatly preferred before other s youth : because, by temperance and the grace of God, I feel not those perturbations of body and mind, with which many, both young and old are afflicted. Lest there should be any delight wanting to my old age, I daily behold a kind of immortality in the succession of my posterity.

From all this it is evident that the life which I live at this age, is not a dead, dumpish and sour life ; but cheerful lively and pleasant. And I hope also, when I shall come to the point of death, I shall find no little comfort in the favor of Jesus Christ.

Since, therefore, a temperate life is so happy and pleasant a thing ; what remains, but that I should wish all who have the care of themselves to embrace it with open arms ?

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